UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Gandhi—Victor!

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Romain Rolland Joins the Open Conspiracy

By ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT

Ten Church Leaders—No. VIII

By SYDNEY STRONG

Book Reviews—The Orient

By FREDERICK STARR

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Triumph of Gandhi

I—From the New York *World-Telegram*:

Gandhi's Way

Maybe Gandhi is the saint his people proclaim him. Maybe Gandhi is the half-naked fanatic and devil described by the British diehards. But, saint or devil, he ranks among the greatest revolutionary leaders of all time.

A revolutionist is judged by his power to move mountains. Gandhi has done that. Not by physical force like Lenin and others, but by spiritual force. He fights as Jesus fought.

This method is inaccurately called non-resistance. It is in fact resistance of the most extreme and uncompromising sort, moral resistance. It is war—no less war because it is non-violent war.

The weapon is civil disobedience. In this country Thoreau once preached it without winning converts. Today it is generally practiced in the United States in two fields—and with success. With this weapon the South has nullified the constitutional amendments giving black men paper equality with white men. With this weapon citizens have virtually destroyed prohibition.

But there is this difference. The American who evades the prohibition law, like the Frenchman who evades the tax collector, acts by stealth. Gandhi and his millions act openly, without fear. By that daring and faith they achieve the terrible ecstacy and power of revolution which makes the impossible possible.

That Gandhi does make the seemingly impossible come true is clear from the terms of the truce which he has signed with the British Viceroy.

One year ago when he marched to the sea shore to make salt in defiance of all the might of the British Empire the wise men of the Western World predicted that Britain could not and would not bow to the will of an unarmed brown man. Only a week ago this still seemed impossible.

But Gandhi has won his first great battle in the war for India's liberation from alien rule. His people will continue to make salt by the sea, breaking the British monopoly. His 27,000 followers imprisoned for civil disobedience will walk free. He will dominate the negotiations for home rule, which were futile in London and Delhi without him.

Britain must deal with him, for he is India.

And if Britain in the end does not grant his demands, one gesture from his emaciated hand will unleash again the gigantic boycott which wipes out British trade at his command.

Saint or devil, Gandhi's personal power probably is unequaled in all the world today.

II—From the Boston *Globe*:

"Verily, Verily . . ."

Night. Rain pouring on the grim Bastille of a British Government building, the capitol of India. There

(*Continued on page* 64)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1931 NUMBER 4

A CABLE FROM GANDHI

In answer to a cable of inquiry, Mahatma Gandhi has sent the following cable message to Mr. Holmes:

"Thanks. Nothing on important issues you mention was settled, but door kept open for raising these questions. Congress enters conference with determination to gain these points. The settlement is provisional, and if Congress position cannot be reached through conference, Congress might have to readopt method of suffering and civil disobedience."

It is disappointing that any friends and champions of India in this country should be disappointed by the peace which Gandhi has won as one of the great achievements of his life. If the terms agreed upon by the Mahatma and the Viceroy were final terms, there might be reason for disappointment. But the present arrangement, let it be strictly noted, is purely provisional—one more step forward on the long road to India's freedom, one more decisive battle begun when Gandhi began his march to Dandi a year ago and now brought to a triumphant close in a campaign still going on. The present situation can be understood only in the light of the word used in all the despatches from India to describe it—namely, *"a truce."* A truce it is —not an abandonment but a suspension of the great non-violent, non-cooperative struggle for independence. Gandhi has consented for a time to hold back, not disperse, his forces, while Britain ponders further the ultimate demands upon her. For demands there still are, central to India's cause, which do not appear in the terms of truce between the Mahatma and the Viceroy. It is not to be thought that Gandhi has surrendered these demands. On the contrary, they are the issues, temporarily held in abeyance, upon which the Mahatma will fight his next battles for the freedom of his country. Gandhi is the greatest of statesmen as well as the holiest of saints. He is one of the few supreme men of history who unite the highest idealism with the shrewdest wisdom. "Harmless as doves," yet "wise as serpents!" He is eager ever for peace; more generous even to his enemies than to his friends; above all, willing to suffer and have abiding patience through eternity. What we are witnessing today is one more step taken in the slow, but sure, progress of this great leader toward the goal for which he and his adoring people have striven and endured with unexampled heroism.

The more we ponder the events in India during the past year, the more we marvel at the drama of Gandhi. Twelve months ago he began his active revolt against the British crown. Within two months he had been arrested as a common law-breaker, and thrust without trial into jail. There he remained imperturbably for eight months, by his mere example of patient suffering in his nation's cause generating the power which made possible, even inevitable, the proceedings at London. For if the outcome of the Round Table Conference was a stunning surprise to all the world, if decisions were reached there which marked long strides taken in the direction of *Swaraj,* it was because of the irresistible pressure of Gandhi and the Nationalists. In so far as London was a victory for India, it was the Mahatma's victory. But when the Conference had done its work and adjourned, nothing had been accomplished, at least until Gandhi had been consulted. Then, as to a high-court of appeal, all the deliberations of this Conference, the will of the Empire and the destiny of India, were taken to a prisoner in a British jail for his acceptance or rejection. We search history in vain for any such drama as this—the viceroy of an Empire sitting down with one of his own prisoners as a petitioner to win the latter's favor! Gandhi in those weeks of deliberation with Lord Irwin was the most potent as well as the most sublime figure in all the world. And

he remains the most potent figure still! For like a victorious general in command of mighty forces, he grants a truce while the enemy considers the alternative of surrender or further battle. Never did the Mahatma so prove his power as well as his magnanimity, his sure conviction of success as well as his utter generosity of spirit, as when he granted the Viceroy's petition for peace. Having won so much in London in a conference dominated by the moderates, what will he not win in a conference in India in which he sits as the spokesman and leader of the millions who by their revolt of the past year shook the Empire to its foundations? Independence is not yet won, but it is on the way!

The "wet" press of this country is certain that Prohibition is dead and that all that now remains to be done is to perform the obsequies. To read this press is to gain the impression that aside from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Methodist Church, and a few fanatics here and there, the "drys" have disappeared, like an extinct species of animal. Yet it is noticeable that, when the question comes to the fore in any official political way, the "wets" immediately seek cover. They dare not face the issue and come before the people on a straight out-and-out plank of Prohibition repeal. Thus the members of the Wickersham Commission, wabbly as they were in their individual opinions, were a unit in opposing the return of the saloon, and as a body registered their conviction that the 18th Amendment should be retained. President Hoover, forced to take a position, and with his campaign for reelection in 1932 of course clearly in mind, came out flatfootedly upon the side of the "drys." And now the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. Raskob, at the recent rowdy sessions in Washington, trying to work out a platform for his party in the approaching presidential election, says nothing about repealing the 18th Amendment, but asks only that a new amendment be passed to complicate the old. If this nation is so unanimously "wet" as the newspapers contend, why isn't some party, or committee, or great popular leader willing to come out and cast his all in favor of wiping out Prohibition altogether? The answer to this question, of course, is simple. America is *not* unanimously "wet," or mostly "wet," or even partly "wet" to any serious degree. There are "wet" areas —the very places where newspapers of great wealth and power dominate the journalistic world—but the country as a whole is still "dry," and so promises to remain. The people are behind this great cause of social betterment. If there is doubt of this conclusion let there be a nation-wide referendum, or let "Al" Smith run on an out-and-out "wet" platform.

The meeting of the Democratic National Committee, spoken of above, confirms us again in the conviction that the Republicans are the chosen people of the Lord, or at least that the Republicans have an excuse for thinking so. Certainly, the Old Testament Jehovah never more effectually confounded the enemies of his people, Israel, than "whatever gods there be" today confound the enemies of the Republican Party—namely, the Democrats. Just when President Hoover is at his lowest ebb of partisan power and popular favor, the Democrats leap to his relief by staging in the nation's capital one of the grandest exhibitions of political discord, ineptitude, and plain disreputability that has ever been offered for the entertainment and education of the public. Mr. Raskob, as much of a political moron today as he was three years ago, hunted out the most conspicuous stage on which to present all that is worst in the present Democratic plight. Like an enthusiastic advertising agent, he proclaimed as through a gigantic megaphone, that the party is head over heels in debt and, in a period of unprecedented industrial depression, must raise not less than $6,000,000. He took elaborate pains to hold up the Prohibition issue, a red rag to a bull, and thus stir up a fight so fierce that all might see that the Democracy is hopelessly split on this question. And he placed in the spotlight the worst beaten presidential candidate in the history of the country, and drove all the new candidates for 1932 into a furious rage over the threat of this discredited politician to their own prospects of party leadership. If there is any one thing that Mr. Raskob left undone to ruin the chances of the Democratic Party in the next campaign, we do not happen to know what it is. We imagine that Mr. Hoover is lifting up silent Quaker prayers of thanksgiving for what the good Lord has given him.

Is there any such thing in this country any longer as law and order? Is it possible in Chicago and New York and other large cities to make any distinction between police and judges on the one hand and the great criminal population on the other? Is political corruption an offense or a licensed privilege, and are its practitioners and beneficiaries thieves or heroes? We confess we do not know the answers to these questions, at least here in the United States. Look at Chicago with its gangsters in the seats of power, its Al Capone the dominating influence of the community, and its inexpressibly loathsome Mayor, "Big Bill" Thompson, triumphantly on his way to reelection to a fourth term of office. Look at New York, with its magistrates indicted one after another for profitable collusion with crime, its police exposed in all kinds of "rackets" with bootleggers, gamblers and speak-easy proprietors, and its Mayor, "Jimmie" Walker, wise-cracking his indifference to the indecencies practiced beneath his rule. Look at any considerable city in the land, with few exceptions, and see politicians waxing fat with pelf, the police "in cahoots" with criminals for the joint plundering of honest citizens, and violence and even murder

swiftly resorted to whenever necessary for protection. When Vivian Gordon was strangled to death in New York because she knew too much which she was willing to disclose about the sacred trinity of judges, police and crooks, notice was served on every member of the community that death dogged the trail of any man who dared to serve the public weal. The open shame of lawlessness today is beyond belief. Its arrogance surpasses anything ever hitherto known. As one witnesses the utter prostration of government, or its open capture by the forces of criminal disorder, one wonders if the time has not come for a repetition of the history of the days when honest citizens organized their Vigilance Committees to take over the control of their communities and thus deliver them from the rule of thugs and blackguards.

What to do about religion in the colleges is becoming a more and more trying question. If chapel is compulsory, the boys rebel; if it is voluntary, they stay away. Our readers will remember a recent article in these columns, by our colleague, Raymond H. Palmer, in which he reported conditions at Harvard, where even the long tradition of free worship, first established at this most ancient of American institutions of learning, avails nothing to keep up attendance upon the part of either faculty or students. Now comes a sensational article in the *Harkness Hoot* telling of what is going on at Yale, where voluntary chapel was inaugurated with a great flourish of trumpets a few years ago. The gist of the *Hoot's* report is that religion has practically disappeared from the life of the Yale undergraduate. The average daily attendance at the morning chapel, except on the occasion when William Lyon Phelps is preaching, "is between fifteen and twenty, and sometimes as low as ten." This obviously means that at Yale, exactly as at Harvard, the professors as well as the students are utterly indifferent. If the Yale chapel should be closed altogether, says this remarkable article in the *Harkness Hoot,* no one outside the small undergraduate religious organization would know that anything had happened. In seeking explanation of the situation, the writer, Selden Rodman, himself an undergraduate, declares that religion, as taught in the university courses in religion and as offered at Battell Chapel, no longer has anything to offer the student body. As regards cures, Rodman admits that he can offer "no immediate solution," though the trend of his mind is indicated by his denunciation of Modernism of the Fosdick type, and his prophecy of movements towards humanism on the one hand and back to Roman Catholicism on the other. But what is valuable in this statement is its disclosure of the collapse of religion in the colleges. What does this portend for the fate of religion in society at large in the next generation? Is the answer difficult?

Gandhi—Victor!

We print at the head of this issue of UNITY a message of momentous significance received from Gandhi. When the terms of agreement between the Mahatma and the Viceroy were published, we immediately took counsel with a distinguished friend and associate of Gandhi, now happily in this country, and with him cabled to the Mahatma a message of warm congratulation, and also of specific inquiry as to the bearing of the terms announced upon the ultimate and all-important objects sought in the great campaign for independence.

Two days later we received the cable-despatch printed in this issue. Its significance is unmistakable. Gandhi, supreme master of the situation, has granted to the Empire a provisional settlement upon the basis of which he may consolidate and conserve the whatever gains were achieved in London, and prepare and organize his campaign for the further and decisive gains which must be achieved before India is free and his work thus done.

That Gandhi should accept the proposals of the London Round Table Conference as a satisfactory settlement of India's problem is of course ridiculous. That he should take full advantage, however, of everything done by that same Conference is elemental. To have gone on with his civil disobedience campaign as though nothing had happened, would have meant the exposure of his loyal people to further immeasurable distress, and the loss, perhaps of those very gains which he himself had achieved by the unparalleled success of his year of suffering and sacrifie. As a *Satyagrahi,* his duty was plainly to save his people if they could be saved without loss of principle or end, and to give the British fresh opportunity to do the right. So one chapter ends in triumph, as another chapter opens in brighter promise than has ever yet dawned upon India's hope!

How steadfastly the Mahatma is still set toward the work of completion and fulfilment that still lies before, is shown by the remarkable interview which he gave to the world on the day of the announcement of the terms of truce. This statement is here recorded, as it should be read, in connection with the cable-message above:

> Independence (said Gandhi) is the birthright of India as it is of every nation worthy of the name. If the All-India Congress has shown a readiness to participate in the second round table conference, it is because it seeks to make federation an Indian responsibility, with such safeguards and reservations as will promote the real growth of the country along political, social, economic and moral lines.
>
> If the Congress succeeds in making its position acceptable to the conference, then I claim the fruits of that effort

will be complete independence, but I know the way to that goal is weary and there are many rocks and pitfalls. But if the congressmen undertake with confidence and courage the new tasks to which they have been assigned, I have no misgivings about the result.

England's statesmen will have to be willing to let India wander away into the woods through errors. Freedom is not worth having if it does not connote freedom to err and even to sin. If God Almighty has given the humblest of His creation freedom to err, it passes comprehension how human beings, be they ever so experienced and able, can delight in depriving fellow humans of that precious right.

I should like to appeal also to the people of the great American Republic. I know this struggle, based as it is upon truth and non-violence from which, alas, we votaries have on occasion undoubtedly strayed, has fired the imagination of Americans and excited their curiosity. From curiosity they have progressed to tangible help and sympathy. On behalf of the Congress and myself I can say we are truly grateful.

I venture to suggest that if India reaches her goal of liberty through truth and non-violence she will have made no small contribution to the world of peace for which all the nations are thirsting. She then would have rendered some slight return for the help other nations like America have freely given her.

Let one thing be remembered! Mahatma Gandhi is today, as he has been from the beginning, the master of India's destiny. It was he who granted the truce to the Viceroy—the Indian who bestowed his favor upon the Briton—India which consented to an agreement with the Empire. The power which Gandhi now holds he will use unremittingly to the end which he is pledged to seek till it is found. Gandhi knows exactly what he is doing. He will not hurry, nor be impatient; he will forgive his enemies not seven times, but seventy times seven; and he will deny them no opportunity to cooperate with him in the establishment of that liberty and peace which is his steadfast aim. The trouble with certain misguided friends of Gandhi is that they seek not so much to deliver India as to destroy England. That is not, and will not be, the purpose of the Mahatma. He is the servant of the one country quite as much as of the other. He would save them both, that they may be friends together. And because he is so strong, he can afford to be gentle and very patient. Gandhi has hitherto been great, supremely great, but never quite so great as when, in his moment of utter power, he extended the hand of peace to Britain and gave her still another chance.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

By due vote of Congress, the "Star Spangled Banner" has now been made the official national anthem of America. Well, official or unofficial, the song can't be worse, or its singing more impossible.

What do we think of a third party? Nothing in the life of this country so desirable! Nothing in the life of this country so improbable! We profoundly admire our progressive friends who are laboring to create this new party. But as compared with their task, the Israelites in Egypt who had to make bricks without straw had an easy job.

So Bertrand Russell is now an earl! We would pay the price of admission to see this earl sitting with his fellow-nobles in the House of Lords.

If we were a newspaper editor! We would banish aeroplane stories, especially those having to do with aviatrixes, to the inside back pages; we would publish no more pictures of Babe Ruth; we would insist upon automobile manufacturers putting their "ads" in the advertising space and not in the so-called news columns; we would stop lying about Prohibition; and we would publish weather reports on the amusements page.

Mary Pickford declares that, if she had her life to live over again, she would not go into the pictures. Well, well, we had not realized that Mary was getting so old. As opera stars discover that opera has no future when they lose their voices, so movie stars declare that the screen is a bore when they lose their youth.

Credit Mr. Coolidge in his newspaper work with one great achievement! He supplies gratuitously to all other columnists an inexhaustible supply of material for "innocent merriment." What would our jokesters do without him?

J. H. H.

A Georgia Tree at Daybreak

It was a beautiful thing . . .
That Georgia tree at the edge
Of the creek near the little hill . . .
I always liked to look at this tree . . .
Look at it when dawn walked across the countryside . . .
I liked to look that way until—
One morning as daybreak broke I saw
Dangling from a limb a black body!
The night mob had claimed another victim . . .
I never looked that way again at daybreak
Without seeing a black body swinging . . .
Swinging . . . swinging . . .

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Romain Rolland Joins the Open Conspiracy

The moral message of Romain Rolland sets him in the company of the international leaders of our world, in the rank of Mahatma Gandhi and H. G. Wells. My introduction to Monsieur Rolland came in a Chinese library in 1924. There I discovered and read "Clerambault," and was stirred more deeply by the tragedy of this brave professor than by any war novel that I have read. I was so affected by the valiant spirit of its author that I got the ten volumes of "Jean Christophe" a week later. Then in quick succession I read his three classic biographies, "Beethoven," "Tolstoy" and "Gandhi," his short novels; and then the last work, a three volume story of a woman, called "The Soul Enchanted."

Romain Rolland deserves to be known because he carries with his artistry an impressive morality. The divine music which he records is to be "a light which will illumine life." He speaks for himself as well as Christophe, when he says,

> He wished his music to be an act of communion with other men. There is no vital art save that which is linked with the rest of humanity.

This colossal figure of contemporary France is a prophet with a message which is sweeping the world. The reader need but take up "Beethoven," which celebrates the "foremost musician and the most heroic force of modern art," to realize what Peguy wrote of its publication in 1903,

> This was not only the beginning of Rolland's literary success and of that of the *Cahiers de la quinzaine*, but infinitely more than a beginning of literary fortune, it was a sudden moral revelation, an unveiled, revealed presentiment, the revelation, the flowering, the sudden communication of a great moral fortune.

His heroes—Beethoven, Michelangelo, Tolstoy, Gandhi — are heroic souls who struggle boldly for truth. The author is ever exhorting the men of this present age to live as his heroes live, to go out valiantly and battle for light. "Faith is a heroic force"—the enthusiasm which makes all his galaxy of active characters.

> Christophe was perpetually in a state of jubilation, which had no need of joy: it could adapt itself to sorrow: its source overflowed with life, was, in its strength, mother of all happiness and virtue. To live, to live too much! . . . A man who does not feel within himself this intoxication of strength, this jubilation in living—even in the depths of misery,—is not an artist. That is the touchstone. True greatness is shown in this power of rejoicing through joy and sorrow.

There is no figure in the prose of this century more contagiously spiritual than the musician, Jean Christophe. The unrelated splotches of his strenuous life are knit together by the force of will of the man himself. He is an exuberant hero, who cries, "The great thing is never to give up willing and living." It is not the mere animal desires of a Sanine that make Christophe eager for life. He is not a pagan; he is a sensitive and refined soul. "Hosanna to life. Hosanna to death" was the song the old musician sang as he left the world.

Like Browning, Rolland is ever calling man to his divine creative task.

> There is no joy but in creation. There are no living beings but those who create. All the rest are shadows, hovering over the earth, strangers to life. All the joys of life are the joys of creation: love, genius, action,—quickened by flames issuing from one and the same fire . . . To create in the region of the body, or in the region of the mind, is to issue from the prison of the body: it is to ride upon the storm of life: it is to be He who Is. To create is to triumph over death. Wretched is the sterile creature, that man or that woman who remains alone and lost upon the earth, scanning their withered bodies, and the sight of themselves from which no flame of life will ever leap! Wretched is the soul that does not feel its own fruitfulness, and know itself to be big with life and love, as a tree with blossom in the spring!

For Monsieur Rolland "life is a symphony: each moment of life sings in several parts"; and the hosanna will come as the crowning note to all who valiantly strive!

It is the spirit of these books that makes them spread about the earth through scores of translations and successive editions. In writing his first life-novel Rolland admitted that he had let it spread out like a river; and it appears to us as did the confused action of Paris to the mind of Annette, like a meandering stream. His long novels are disjointed, apparently hastily plotted, with far too many subordinates clinging about the main figure, but there is a directness and simplicity that make the stories lifelike, and there is a ringing sincerity that makes the books carry.

"One thing," says his heroine, Annette, "one thing I don't forgive, hypocrisy." Always Monsieur Rolland is straining to lift the curtains of darkness and raise the windows for light. Annette and her son Marc, like Christophe and Olivier and Professor Clerambault, were determined to see through the shams that kept men unhappy and nations in disharmony. Just as the young German took up, in his stage of developing genius, all his previous compositions and the work of the great composers of Europe, so the author himself summons the musicians of Europe, the great leaders of men, and the events of history to meet his terrible sincerity.

> How many men are there, even among the most clear sighted, who will dare to break free of the bondage of certain prejudices, certain postulates which cramp and fetter all the men of the same generation? That would mean setting up a wall between themselves and others. On the one hand, freedom in the wilderness, on the other, mankind. They do not hesitate: they choose mankind, the herd. The herd is evil smelling, but it gives warmth. Then those who have chosen pretend to think what they do not in fact think. It is not very difficult for them: they know so little what they think! . . . "Know thyself!" . . . How could they, these men who have hardly a Me to know? In every collective belief, religious or social, very rare are the men who believe, because very rare are the men who are men. Faith is an heroic force: its fire has kindled but a few human torches, and even these have often flickered. The apostles, the prophets, even Jesus have doubted. The rest are only reflections,—save at certain hours when their souls are dry and a few sparks falling from a great torch set light to all the surface of the plain: then the fire dies down, and nothing gleams but the glowing embers beneath the ashes. Not more than a few hundred Christians really believe in Christ. The rest believe that they believe, or else they only try to believe.

The able critic, René Lalou, sums up his opinion of Rolland in the course of his exhaustive study,

> Contemporary French Literature, as follows: His virtues are absolute sincerity, hatred of every baseness and every hypocrisy, love of heroism and divine music.

This fine tribute leaves unsaid one of the fundamental attributes that make the man so beloved beyond the reaches of his homeland, and that is his broad humanism. In those departures from his more serious vein, "Colas Breugnon, Burgundian" and "Liluli," where he writes more of the mere joy of living, he tries to renew the laughter of Rabelais and Diderot. But his master work holds one dominant purpose for

"heroic action" and "the passion for light." He himself lives and thinks as "an unfettered spirit," and the protagonists of his most effective works are consecrated to strenuous humanitarian tasks.

There are, indeed, great artists who express only themselves. But the greatest of all are those whose hearts beat for all men. If any man would see the living God face to face, he must seek Him, not in the empty firmament of his own brain, but in the love of men. . . . It is a fine sort of fame that is won by self-amputation from life. So as to be unlike other men! Let all such artists perish!

* * *

The factory of humanity has work for all of us. Labor for all peoples of the earth, each man taking pride in the work of all the rest, for the travail, the genius of the whole world is ours also!

The high purpose of his writing seems to be found in the words of Antigone, "I am made for love, and not for hate." Such a free spirit, who has a warm friendliness for men of India, China, and all groups of the human race, is exerting a masterly influence in building the new internationalism. I have heard his name on the tongue of Japanese orators; I have picked up magazines in China which had printed an anniversary number in his honor; I have heard Indians praise his interpretation of Gandhi and speak of him as a friend of the Orient.

What have I to do with your nations? (he writes in 1917.) Can you expect me to love or hate a nation? It is men that I love or dislike, and in all nations you will find the noble, the base, and the ordinary man . . . You talk of struggles and hatred between races? Races are the colors of life's prism; it binds them together, and we have light. Woe to him who shatters it! I am not of one race, I belong to life as a whole; I have brothers in every nation. The families of our souls are scattered through the world. Let us reunite them!

Through the conflict of Europe he held to his high international ideals, proclaiming in those phenomenal essays, "Above the Battle," written just after the Marne:

For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling-places: our earthly fatherland, and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend, nor fatherland, nor aught that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is the light. It is our duty to lift it above tempests, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble.

Thus he brings to a sweeping world-wide application his doctrine of creative good will and triumphant living. It is a strenuous program, but its challenging principles enlist the brave spirits of every land. The theme of his last novel, "Mother and Son," is—"For peace is not the absence of war. It is the virtue that is born from the vigor of the soul."

In this last great novel he makes the most detailed study of war psychology that has perhaps ever been made in fiction. He sees in the madness of Europe, what Thomas Hardy saw, "Quaint poesy, and real romance of war!"

Thus do the mindless minions of the spell
In mechanized enchantment sway and show
A Will that wills above the will of each,
Yet but the will of all conjunctively;
A fabric of excitement, web of rage,
That permeates as one stuff the weltering whole.

Both mother and son in "The Soul Enchanted" register mental revolt as they are forced to live in the "web of rage" that clung about Europe during the Great War.

Marc says, "It's strange! Before the war neither of us was a pacifist . . . What has changed us?"

"The baseness of it," said Annette.

"Its falseness," said Marc.

When I see (said Annette) that contempt for the weak, for the unarmed, for prisoners, for human suffering, for sacred sentiments, that exploitation of the basest instincts, that oppression of conscience, that cowardice in the face of public opinion, those sheep who are painted as heroes and become so in their very sheepishness, those good people who are driven to killing that feeble mass which does not know itself and allows itself to be led by a handful of misled men—my heart sickens with shame and misery.

When I see (said Marc) this ignoble war that hides its snout, this troop of masqueraders, these merry-andrews of a rapacious Right who, behind their backs, pick the pockets of the world, this atrocious slavery that imagines it is fooling us by gargling its throat with that empty word Liberty, that hypocritical heroism—I laugh in all their faces!

Mr. Rolland has taken a daring stand and consequently has suffered. But the labels, pacifist, internationalist, mad artist, dreamer and radical will not make him lonely or afraid. His own experience spoke when he wrote of Jean Christophe—

He did not know that a great soul is never alone, that, however Fortune may cheat him of friendship, in the end a great soul creates friends by the radiance of the love with which it is filled, and that even in that hour, when he thought himself forever isolated, he was more rich in love than the happiest men and women in the world.

He has said with the Prince of Vladimir Solovyof—

We are surrounded already by too many sad things: one joy remains mine, however—the knowledge of the inevitable triumph of reason over all things.

Romain Rolland has joined "The Open Conspiracy" of Mr. Wells, with that company of confident spirits who herald a new day.

We believe that the persistent exploration of our outward and inward worlds by scientific and artistic endeavour will lead to developments of power and activity upon which at present we can set no limits nor give any certain form. Our antagonists are confusion of mind, want of courage, want of curiosity and want of imagination, indolence and spendthrift egotism. These are the enemies against which the Open Conspiracy arrays itself; these are the jailers of human freedom and achievement.

Monsieur Rolland deserves that exalted title, Mahatma, or Great Soul, of France.

ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT.

Life's Vast Desert

I am the parching, burning sand
Of life's vast desert.
And I cry for the swift torrent
To pour upon my flaming soul.
Oh, my lover, open the floodgates,
And descend in cooling waters upon me.
Drench me in love,
While I, receiving your full measure,
Shall melt, and fill the empty streams
With my liberated hand;
And life's desert will be
A fruitful valley for the children of man.

MARIE FALCONER

Soliloquy

Lonely, weary and foot-sore,
I walk up and down,
Hunting work, from door to door,
Asking, may I do a chore?
May I mend your gown?

Lonely, hungry, no one cares—
And I am afraid!
Next door neighbor's haughty stares
And the finery she wears,
Makes me wonder that she dares—
And what price she paid.

MARY CAMERON COBB.

Ten Church Leaders

VIII—Graham Taylor

In naming his "ten" leaders, Dr. Stephen S. Wise could hardly have left out "Dr. Graham Taylor, founder of Chicago Commons Social Settlement." Discovering that there was little chance of his coming New Yorkward—may not think it is safe—I am under necessity of "going to the Mountain," and drawing his portrait, in absentia. I should immediately give my memory and imagination over to the rag-man if they were not equal to it.

For, had I not felt the "suction power" of Chicago thirty-three years ago, drawing me from Cincinnati, that forty years ago drew Graham Taylor from Hartford, richest city in the Union, per capita, to the Great Hungry West. One of the first things I heard him say was to affirm that he was standing at the frontier, which had moved from the prairie to the city. I never heard him speak on any subject, or give advice on a committee, but what you were conscious that you were in the presence of a frontiers-man—of a new type, to be sure.

He was called to "occupy the chair for the social interpretation of religion." I cannot recall ever seeing him sitting in a chair, except for his meals! Such men are called to a "platform" not to a "chair." This "chair" was in the Congregational Theological Seminary, on Union Park Square. He had been less than two years in Chicago, when he established "Chicago Commons"—a social settlement, and his residence as well. The "Commons" is not far from the Seminary, about a mile north of Hull House—both on the West Side. Both of these settlements have been as older sister and brother, and they have grown as to buildings, just like Topsy. They illustrate the growth of an idea. The "Commons" has been Dr. Taylor's abiding place ever since, as well as of a little brood of children who have been inoculated with the culture of many races. His wife was his true yoke-fellow, until the burdens grew too heavy for mortal to carry. A son with the name of "Graham R." has been enriching New York, with ideas and ethical behaviour, for a score of years. His daughter, Lea, is now Headworker at the "Commons" and the father affirms that "she is a better head than he ever was!"

Graham Taylor is a religious man. Naturally, he wanted a church and Sunday school in the "Commons." They were planted there. So great a soul is he, that I question if he ever lost touch in the slightest, because of these religious features, on the community round about. He is really religious. At one time I know—so far as I know the custom is continued—he had daily "family prayers." One foreign gentleman in attendance—so impressed—said to him after the worship, "I greatly enjoyed your religious picnic!" At first the religious work of the settlement was taken over and supported by the City Extension Society. In fact, it was a fine selling proposition when pastors like myself were encouraging the congregations to give generously to the Society. The relation ultimately was severed, because some of the "doings at the Commons" were a source of annoyance to more circumspect brethren! Graham Taylor kept right on his way, was not perceptibly troubled, and he generously remarked that it is a slow process for the religious mind to become adjusted to the social implications of Christianity. Once a week, he conducted a "free-floor" meeting. It was one of the first of the "forums." He is one of the best conductors I ever saw. Labor was very militant in Chicago. The "Haymarket Meeting" was not many years away—nor is the "Market" far from the "Commons." Some of the great labor strikes in American history were either recent history or brewing. Pullman and Gary and the Stock-yards are all an integral part of Chicago. But, in spite of the "days being very evil," every kind of agitator was welcome to the "free-floor" of Graham Taylor's "Commons." He referred to it as a "necessary part of our laboratory over at the Commons. We welcome the Anarchist, the I. W. W. —agitators of every description to come and air their ideas. All we ask is fair treatment all round."

As a result the "Commons" is one of the most democratic institutions in America. It must be admitted that Graham Taylor has a genius for managing democratic assemblies. A "free-floor" and a "fool-conductor" would quickly fall apart. Chicago was a wonderful "frontier"—not backwoods—community in the nineties. William R. Harper, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, John H. Barrows, Marshall Field—and many other like men, and women—were turning the attention of the world to the international forces that were functioning in the Windy City by the Lake. It was the day when the world-minded W. T. Stead was around peeking under the sidewalks and foundations. I doubt if any other American city had as many world-minded citizens when the twentieth century opened as had Chicago. A World's Fair, in 1893, was the only expression that would fit Chicago.

Among the living I can think of no one in the religious world of Chicago quite equal to Graham Taylor. There are literally hundreds of the younger leaders, in pulpit and pew, throughout the West and the regions beyond, who were set on fire by him, who enjoyed telling of the social aspects of religion, for preaching, or for living. His "Commons" first demonstrated that religion was something that must bear the test of the "laboratory." His style of teaching, or speaking, is what I would call "explosive." He would not proceed more than five minutes before the listener would be startled, as by a cracker. His explosives are never bombs thrown to kill. (He had a tank holding "explosives—for instruction and destruction.") They are more of the kind that follow a long train of thought —sometimes concealed—that blows up obstructions, what might be called "constructive explosives." You cannot talk with him five minutes without going away carrying at least two new ideas, and they bother you because so strikingly good.

Like Caesar, Graham Taylor is a writer as well as a social fighter. I confess that I like to see and feel his presence when I consider his words. He has so much spiritual style. I never met anyone that reminded me of him—so distinct is his personality. The University of Chicago has recently brought out a book by him, entitled, "Pioneering on a Social Frontier." It is a kind of autobiography. I think I prefer to hear

him, than to read him. In the first place, the book costs too much, $4.00. This doesn't make me think of Taylor, who wants to get close to the people. Also, I think someone other than Taylor can write a better life of him than he can of himself. Then, of this particular book, if I were editor, it would be half as long and illustrated with sketches (by a friendly artist, who would be glad to do it for the love of G. T.) or photographs, to bring out the spirit of the man, in his moods and attitudes.

Every week, for twenty-eight years, up to the present, Graham Taylor has been writing an article of two or three columns, appearing on the editorial page of the Chicago *Daily News*. He had an understanding with Victor Lawson that every word should be printed as written, or none of the article. There have been only three instances when there was a controversy between them. He has roamed the wide world for his topics. During these years his weekly letter has not failed, although he might be in Shanghai or Timbuctoo. It is a remarkable incident in newspaperdom. New York is not the only city with columnists. Will some one tell where the first columnist began to mount his "soapbox?" Now a real influence making public opinion.

It must be noted that Graham Taylor helped to start many enterprises that he did not follow through. I always thought of him as kind of Protestant "Father," who gave his "blessing" to scores of offspring of earnest hearts. Over at the *Survey* "sanctum," New York, the Kelloggs will tell you that once on a time there was published in Chicago, 1896 to 1905, a social magazine called *Commons,* I think. The men guilty of bringing it out were Graham Taylor and J. P. Gavit. It was merged with *Charities* (N. Y.) and later appeared under the name *Survey*. Graham Taylor had quite a big hand in organizing a School of Philanthropy, which I believe passed out to appear in New York, in another form. I recall sitting with Graham Taylor on a committee on some social endeavor, in the parlors of Abraham Lincoln Center, with Jenkin Lloyd Jones presiding, and mention was made of *Unity*. Graham Taylor as a real democrat believed in the forum and the press.

During the war, he was not the kind of a Pacifist that I was and am. He served on a federal board for determining selections for draft. Doubtless from his wide acquaintance and great heart he was instrumental in preventing many injustices in the hurry of the draft. Even so, I could not so serve the army. But, no one has peace-virtue enough to sit in judgment on another. When Ford invited him to go on the Peace Ship he declined in what I felt was rather a brusque letter; whereas, I would have gone gladly. It was a great attempt. Perhaps, a few more like Taylor on the ship might have accomplished the restoration of insane Europe. Certainly his wide and long experience in managing "free floor" assemblies might have made headway among the war-wild spirits. I wish he could have tried it, for who so full of the peace-making will, spirit, and tact! He seems to have a grain of conservatism which keeps him from making a "fool" of himself—and the majority would say that this "grain" was a saving grace. One does not care to be dogmatic. But, it would seem to be wise in the presence of the still war-mad world to play what looks like a fool's part—if by so doing attention may be drawn to war's ugly wickedness.

As I have recalled that period when the Nineteenth century was closing and Graham Taylor was beginning his notable career in Chicago, I am led to make a few observations, for I was in Chicago when the chapter was being written. I am led to re-estimate the forces that were in control at that time, especially since many are rising up and working for a "new America." Norman Thomas inviting us. Dr. Dewey inviting us. Ditto, Sherwood Eddy, A. J. Muste.

I have been impressed by noting that Graham Taylor speaks often of Toynbee Hall. Jane Addams does the same thing. The institutions of East London supplied apparently the inspiration and methods for our American development. This would apply not only to Chicago, but as well to Boston and New York. Practically all hark back to East London. It is such a striking description of my own course that I have been startled by the likeness. When a young man having crossed the Atlantic, while nosing among bookstalls, I got filled with Fabianism. Nothing but residence in an East London settlement and likewise East New York would satisfy me. I accepted—and others seem to have done the same—the statement that American development would go along the same lines that English development had gone, only America would be a score of years later in arriving at a certain point.

I have come to a place where I am severely challenging this theory. I am inclined to believe that when I accepted the influence of Fabianism and Toynbee Hall, I was wrong, and that the best course for America is not along English lines. But it is right about face! I have two reasons:

Behold the fruits of Fabianism, Toynbee Hallism and Co. as seen in British life for the past fifty years. The only fruits discernible are Shawism in literature, bankruptcy in religion and industry—of which the dole is the symbol—and as for humanity we only have to look to China, India, the continent of Africa and the islands of the Sea, and the one conspicuous power holding down the weaker peoples of earth is Britain. Fabianism as seen in MacDonald has no power—perhaps no will—to give a square deal to India. Conquest of a century ago is justified because of the difficulty of giving back, and it is held. Britain will do the same with Africa, by conquest or mandate. After all, it may be seriously questioned if America got much from Fabianism and Toynbee Hall and whether we would better not steer in some direction rather than that toward which Britain is either drifting or steering. I am beginning to doubt if Britain and America (imitating by a false conception of evolution) have anything excellent to teach the nations in the line of social development. East London is the most squalid spot on earth. I spent a year in Germany in 1922-23. One of the most painful sights to me was to see the Anglo-Saxon intruding his methods of charity among the Germans, too weak to protest, whose methods are so superior.

To me it is a dramatic incident that about the same time Toynbee Hall and the Salvation Army began their work in East London, Karl Marx was living in poverty near by. Toynbee Hall did not know him. Toynbee Hall did not touch his case or the problem of life he was exploring. I draw no moral from this. Nor do I preach any sermon on Marxism, although Marx was trying to get at the root and cure of East London!

Reviewing however my own life, as brought to me afresh, by recalling the fine life of Graham Taylor, I am led to call upon Americans to turn from the shrines in Britain—as symbolized in Fabianism, Toynbee Hall and Salvation Army—for that path can bring our people to no better social conditions than the miserable conditions in which Britain finds herself. Britain's development—instead of beckoning America what to do, should indicate what America should not do. If there is one thing commendable in the course of American life, from the beginning when we broke from Britain, it is following the idea that American institutions are different from European, that we have broken from the authority of kings, of priests; that the principles for us to follow and work at are equality, authority of conscience, popular sovereignty. I earnestly suggest that it is time that America should not receive orders from Rome, from Moscow, from Jerusalem, from London but start to work more assiduously on the principles that will make America the New World our prophet fathers saw, and rejoiced at the sight.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

LXIII

1

The longer a man lives, the easier it is for him to unite with others, and the harder for him to separate himself from them. And since this happens to every man—the longer men live, the more closely they are all united with one another.

2

All men, whether they want to or not, move through all their lives toward one and the same God, hence the longer they live the nearer they come to the same point and the more closely they are united one with another.

3.

If you want felicity, as everyone does, you must know that true felicity is only that which is felicity for all.

4.

Once you have freed yourself from exclusive love for self and for certain people, you will involuntarily merge in soul with your neighbors.

5.

Christ showed men the God who dwells in their souls, who divides a man within himself—who separates the spirit of man from his body. If a man has recognized the spirit of God in himself, this spirit, separating itself from the body, unites with the same spirit in all other men. So it comes about that only he unites with men who is divided within himself.

6.

The situation of the European world, with its dynamite, its cannon, its armourclad ships, its mutual hatred among nations, is terrible. But none of this is in the consciousness of men. It only exists in outer manifestations, and therefore may come to an end at any moment. Once every man recognizes the true spiritual "self" that cannot be reconciled to all these horrors, what seemed so powerful will at once be destroyed; and those who yesterday were enemies will become neighbors, united by virtue of that which cannot fail to unite them—the identical principle that gives life to all men.

7.

If only we kept strictly to the rule of uniting with every man on that about which we are agreed, and not demanding his agreement to that with which he disagrees; and if we asked him not to demand the same of us—we should never break Christ's chief commandment, that of unity. And without uttering the word "Christ," we should be far more Christian than if we had forced people by any means whatsoever to say that they believed in Christ and various dogmas in which they did not believe.

8.

Man discovers the path to unity as easily as we find out a passage laid with boards through a bog. If you turn off from the path, you will stick fast in the bog of discord and spite.

LXIV

1.

An Indian sage says, "As a mother watches over her only child, as she tends it, protects and brings it up; so, Everyman, should you raise up and train and protect in yourself that which is dearest of all in the world: "love toward men and all that lives." All faiths —Brahmin, Hebrew, Chinese, Christian, Mohammedan —teach this. And therefore the most necessary thing on earth is to learn to love.

2.

The fact that we are happy when we love and are loved, shows that the felicity of our lives is in love alone.

3.

In the world there is nothing dearer than the love of men. But the amazing thing is that to make people love you, you need not try to please them, you only need to concern yourself with drawing nearer to God. If you concern yourself only with coming nearer to God, without thinking of men, they will come to love you. But if you do not concern yourself with drawing nearer to God, no matter how much you try to please men, they will not love you.

4.

If you have understood that the main thing in life is love, then on coming into contact with a man you will think, not of how this man can be of use to you, but of how you can be of use to him. If you do so, you will have greater success in everything than if you took thought only for yourself.

5.

Consciousness of the unity of our being with all others is manifested in us through love. Love is the widening of life. The more we love, the wider, the fuller and the more joyous life becomes.

6.

Why do I submit to the law of love, and what will come about for me from submission to it? I do not know. I only know that the more I fulfil this law, the better for me and for others.

7.

You toss about, you suffer, you seek happiness everywhere, when it is within you. Not in men's love for you, as it seems at first, but in your love for them.

8.

We should respect every man, no matter how piti-

able and ridiculous he may be. We should remember that in every man is the same spirit that is in us. Even when a man is loathsome both in soul and in body, we should think, "Yes, there must be monsters like this in the world, and we must bear with them." But if we show such a man our loathing, in the first place we are unjust, and in the second, we challenge him to war to death. He is as he is, and he cannot make himself over. What else can he do but struggle with us as with mortal enemies! For as a matter of fact, we are only willing to be kind to him, if he ceases to be what he is. And this he cannot do. We should, therefore, be kind to every man and not demand of him that he become another man, which he cannot do.

(*After Schopenhauer*)

LXV

1.

The longer every man lives the more he can deliver himself from his errors. If a man does not put his life in this deliverance from errors, he makes the greatest and most harmful error.

2.

There is no man without sin. And however much he may struggle with sin, however much he may free himself from it, though he may be less sinful than before, he will never be sinless. The whole life of man consists in freeing himself from sin.

3.

It is hard for a man to recognize his sins, but, for all that, it is a great joy to feel that he is being delivered from them. Were there no night, we should not rejoice in the light of the sun. Were there no sin, man would not know the joy of righteousness.

4.

Woe to that man who says of himself, that he is already free from sin. He deprives himself not only of the felicity of life, but of life itself.

5.

For a man who is assured of his own righteousness, there is no salvation from sin. If his sins are shown him, he only grows angry at those who show them to him and thus adds a new sin.

6.

We may represent the movement of the physical and the spiritual life by two pairs of divergent lines drawn from a single point. At first the lines of the personal life expand more than the lines of spiritual life; but the time comes when the expansion of the personal life ceases and is succeeded by contraction, while the lines of the spiritual life constantly expand until they go out into death. At the point where the lines of spiritual and physical life diverge, sin has its beginning.

7.

If a man does not recognize his sins he is like a tightly corked vessel, he cannot take in that which frees from sin. To be humble, to repent—this means to open the vessel, to make yourself capable of deliverance from sin.

LXVI

1.

While a man is young, he is never entirely chaste in both thought and deed. And therefore try to shun all that excites lust: evil conversations, reading and sights; idleness, rich food, intoxicating drinks. The more you strengthen yourself, the quieter and more joyful your life will be. And therefore be on your guard and do not weaken.

2.

The night moth flies to the flame because it does not know that it will burn its wings; and the fish swallows the worm on the hook, because it does not know that this will be its destruction. We know that lewd desire entangles us in all sorts of calamities, but still we yield to it.

3.

There is no subject more vague, more confused and hidden from men than the subject of sexual intercourse. And therefore it would be very desirable to have people express their opinion concerning it as sincerely as possible. If only each would say sincerely from his point of view, what he thinks and feels on this subject, much that is dark would become clear, the habitually false and hidden would be revealed, much that seems bad would cease to seem so, and much that seems natural would present itself to us in a new and most unexpected way.

4.

In order to understand all the horror, all the instability of the order of life in Christian European society, it is enough merely to remember that in these societies it is considered indispensable that there should be women to satisfy the monstrous demands of men.

(*To be Continued*)

The Study Table

The Orient

Doctor Holcombe's "The Chinese Revolution"[1] is a study of "a phase in the regeneration of a world power." The author is Professor of Government at Harvard University. The book is the result of an investigation made under the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College "for the purpose of estimating the influence of the Chinese Revolution upon international relations in the Far East." It studies Chinese politics and the changes in the Chinese political system brought about by the Revolution. Do the Chinese possess the political capacity to construct and carry on a government? The political capacity in the past is evidenced by the fact that Chinese government carried on for some thousands of years with rather extraordinary success. In contact with western interests and western forms, Chinese government has broken down and chaos prevails. Can the Chinese construct a government to meet present-day demands? Doctor Holcombe studies the old government to discover its elements. Can any of these elements be used in the construction now demanded, or must they all be discarded? Is it possible for the Chinese to take over and construct with western materials? In old China there was a minimum of centralized control, a maxium of local self-assertion. Rulers of provinces and the great districts were chosen by rigid examination. They wisely left details of government to smaller districts and towns. The Revolution of 1911 was largely due to Sun Yat-sen, who was strongly influenced by foreign ideas. After the Manchu emperor was dethroned a republic was estab-

1. The Chinese Revolution. Arthur N. Holcombe. Cambridge: 1930. Harvard University Press. 800 pp. xiii. 401. Price, $4.00.

lished along western lines — a representative, parliamentary, constitutional government. It was quite out of harmony with the long-held, successful, native ideas. It failed completely. As the parliamentary republic weakened, both in Peking and in his own southern field of Canton, Sun Yat-sen's ideas and policies changed. Russian influence and Russian advisers came in and from 1924 a veritable Soviet republic developed. For a time it appeared a real success. It was under it that the aggressive push was made, which seized the Wuhan cities (Hankow and Wuchang) and almost threatened to drive all foreign "imperialistic" influences from the country and to destroy the government of the north, which was too much under their control. This *Soviet Republic* was in fact the dominance of the "Left Wing" of the Kuomintang, the political society which had promoted the revolution. The rallying of the Right Wing and the Center of the party put an end to it—driving out the Russian advisers, suppressing the agrarian and labor unions, expelling the Communists and initiating a relatively conservative Kuomintang Dictatorship. These three stages of the Revolution are for Holcombe clearly marked—Parliamentary Government, Soviet Republic, Kuomintang Dictatorship. The trend is toward the recognition and application of old and truly Chinese political ideas: it is a movement from the impossible to the possible and possesses hope. The Kuomintang today is a pure and simple dictatorship; the society, or party, has put itself into power and makes no pretense of being a constitutional government. It is based upon Sun Yat-sen's teachings; it makes his spirit the rallying point of those who are working toward a final constitutional permanent organization. Sun Yat-sen recognized three necessary and successive phases of the Revolution—military destruction, a period of tutelage of the people, establishment of constitutional government. Holcombe holds that the first is now ended; the Kuomintang asserts that this is the period of tutelage; it promises that presently (perhaps in six years), a constitution will be put into operation. All is built upon Sun Yat-sen. His "three principles of the people" (with the three-plank platform—nationalism, democracy, socialism) and his "four rights of the people" (election, recall, initiative, referendum), are worked out into his "five-powered government" (executive, legislative, judicial, examination, censorship). This government is now operating under the Kuomintang. One may doubt whether so much progress has been made as Holcombe claims. The "Left Wing" may still come back in force. Militarism may reassert itself in chaos. Chang of Manchuria and Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking may agree to differ. Feng and Yen are not dead, though sleeping. But our author has done a real service in showing that in all the confusion and dissension there are trends—trends that make toward improvement, that perhaps lead to a true government, based on Chinese principles and meeting Chinese needs.

A boy went to the Far East.[2] He was our first "career diplomat." Just before the legal age at the moment of his appointment, he had to wait until his commission was valid. He began near the end of the Cleveland administration as second secretary to the legation at Tokyo. With McKinley's accession to power he, with many others, was swept out of office, but secured a new appointment to a post

that nobody wanted; one so unimportant in the eyes of the new assistant secretary of state that he was about to make me minister there, before, in my innocence, I told him I only aspired to be a secretary and I went to Korea.

It was an interesting, a tragic time, in the Asiatic peninsula. Korea was then a nest of intrigue. It is true that the country was never without intrigue during its long history, but in 1896 it was a field in which three nations were sparring for advantage—China, Russia and Japan. The royal family itself invited intervention. The Queen looked to China, the King favored Russia, his father (the old Regent) used Japan. It was when this triple intrigue was at its height that this boy secretary entered the scene. He did not long remain in the legation. He says:

In 1899, I was invited to become adviser to the emperor and to initiate him into the mysteries of European politics in their bearing on himself. . . . I was enormously flattered and at the very competent age of twenty-five, I felt capable of pulling the grand Chan himself out of any amount of trouble, and I liked the Koreans.

In accepting the invitation he had to cut entirely loose from the legation and the State Department, a fact not quite to the satisfaction of the Emperor, who would have liked to feel that through his American adviser he had the backing of the United States in his difficulties. The young adviser took his opportunity and duties seriously, but the case was hopeless. There was no chance to do constructive work. The Emperor himself was weak and irresolute; he was surrounded by hostile influences; he meant well, but had no plans of his own. Sands felt that he was the only mainstay. He quickly found himself in constant entanglement with Japanese policy. In his effort to accomplish something he made unheralded journeys to the Manchurian border, to the Island of Quelpart, to Peking. So far as he was able to develop a policy of his own, it was one of "the neutralization of Korea by absolute peace treaties with every major power." But his efforts were useless. When the Japanese came in, with Ito charged to carry out Japanese plans, Sands' work was done. He had really already been supplanted by a newly appointed Belgian adviser, who was supported by the Russians and the French. At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war he was given the opportunity to serve in the temporary administration which Ito was establishing in Korea. But for four years he had been opposing Japanese policies. Consistency, after all, is something, and he refused the offer. Without delay he was practically transported, gotten out of the country. The story he tells us is a frank and lively narrative of interesting and important incidents. It deals with Korea, intrigue, high politics, diplomats, missionaries and traders. It is a real contribution to the history of an important point at a critical moment.

A member of the French Academy writes the Preface for Sheng-Cheng's "A Son of China."[3] In it he says:

It is no common experience to come upon a delightfully written book and books of real significance are equally rare. Almost never, therefore, does one find a work in which the two virtues are combined. But the improbable is not the impossible; sometimes it may happen that a book written with charm is at the same time the mark of a new era.

Such a book we really have here. It is an autobiography but an autobiography in which the *ego* disappears in another. For this Chinese son, in writing a book about his mother, tells the story of his own life. Nowhere else have we any-

2. Undiplomatic Memories. The Far East 1896-1904. William Franklin Sands. New York: 1930. Whittlesey House; McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 850 pp. iii. 238. Price, $3.00.

3. A Son of China. Sheng-Cheng. New York: 1930. W. W. Norton Company, Inc. 16 mo. pp. viii. 9—286. Price, $3.00.

thing approximating to it as the mirror of a Chinese soul. Here we have a description of Chinese family life, which gives more material for Miss Milam's use than a dozen responses to her questionnaire. The son was born in one of the important river towns of the interior; his family was neither rich nor desperately poor. He tells his story from birth to the present time. He is a rebel always, but a seeker; one not satisfied with the ordinary answers to life's questions; one anxious to try all things; ever questing, never satisfied. He breaks over the old traditional restraints, as much because they cost his mother anguish as because they are intolerable for himself. The make-up of his family, the relations between brothers and sisters, the adoration for the mother (how little the West knows of this adoration in the usually misrepresented life of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indian woman), the fear and hatred toward grandmother—his mother's mother-in-law and therefore the final family authority, the father—respected but impotent to right wrongs and early dead, all are depicted so that we know them and participate in the action. The family festivals and ceremonies, the school-days, the wild rebellious child-leadership, the precocious participation in the revolution, the disillusionment, the traditional escape into Buddhism, the wider view and going forth into the outer world where again doubt assails—these struggles, of a sensitive and delicate but strong and daring soul are given with convincing reality. Sheng-Cheng is still young; he has many changes yet before him. Like Sun Yat-sen, after many wanderings he is headed toward the old attitudes in which he was trained as a child. To read the book is to gain a more vivid impression of China in transition—a truer sympathy with a people who have been shaken and jarred by the harsh impact of a different and aggressive, destructive, propagandizing culture. The book has been translated from the French, in which language it was written. The author tells us it is to be followed by other works. It is doubtful if they will reach its level.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has undertaken the preparation and publication of the "Economic and Social History of the World War." It is a coöperative effort and will include a series of volumes from each of the nations affected. In each of the larger countries there is an editorial board; in each of the smaller, there will be a special editor. The general editorship of the entire work is in the hands of James T. Shotwell. One of the volumes of the Japanese series has come to our table.[4] The director of the Japanese series is Baron Sakatani and the volume we have received is written by Professor Kobayashi of Meiji University. Japan's part in the war was not so conspicuous as that of some of the nations but it was deeply significant and Japan felt the influence of the war keenly. Professor Kobayashi deals with the basic industries and the social conditions of the war years and after. The work is, of course, technical. Almost half of the book is devoted to agriculture, but mining and metallurgy, foresty, fisheries, economic measures and social effects are also considered. It is impossible to make one general and comprehensive statement that shall be applicable in detail to all phases. We may say that the war effects were at first depression in every field, the depth and duration of which varied—thus, the depression in agriculture was deeper and more lasting than that in the mechanical industries. Following this depression there came a recovery which was tremendous, assuming boom proportions in some fields and leading to inflation, speculation and extravagance. With the end of the war has come a reaction, which largely continues to the present. Cost of living rapidly advanced during the war years and has been slow to recede. Both in agriculture and manufacture wages did not increase proportionately to living cost. Rice riots, panics in such businesses as the silk industry, development of vast fortunes overnight, profiteering, government attempts at control and regulation, these are among the topics here treated. As to permanent effects, one may be cited as typical:

> The countryside of Japan today, as compared with *antebellum* days, is characterized by a visible decay of tillers of their own fields and by the presence of an enormous number of tenant farmers under a few large landowners. And everywhere one finds those antagonisms and disputes which arise between these two opposing classes.

Analogous changes have taken place in other lines. Thus, the antagonism between capital and labor is far greater today, and labor quarrels are more numerous and bitter than before the war. Of course, there was already a tendency in these directions, but this tendency has been strengthened and accelerated by war conditions. It would have taken many years to have produced the changes had it not been for the dislocations of the war. The book is a source-book for its specific material.

"A Study of the Student Homes of China"[5] is by the Dean of the School of Home Economics in the Oregon State College. It was made in 1922-1923 to serve as a background for a home economics department in Yenching University, Peking. That institution really organized such a department and offered its first courses of instruction in September, 1923. When Miss Milam went to China on her mission she had as her associate Miss Camilla Mills, who took charge of the work when it was established and still carries it on. Miss Milam has returned to this country. The importance of knowing something of Chinese home life before the laying out of such a work is, of course, evident. Miss Milam presents material from 1,270 homes. The data were secured chiefly by the distribution of questionnaires, some 3,500 of which were sent out. In addition, she personally visited and inspected many homes, making a considerable journey for the purpose. The questionnaire comprised sixty questions which covered a wide range—housing, the mother's position in the home, the life of the child, the place and status of the father, home industries. As an almost pioneer work it has its limitations; as a mirror of Chinese life, it is perhaps even misleading. As one of its limitations is the fact that the homes were more than half *Christian* homes. In such homes the attitude is far from typically Chinese. Thus, in speaking of concubinage Miss Milam's general statement and quotations seem to show that it is increasing, notably since the foundation of the Republic. Yet the students with whom she came into contact she believes "strongly oppose polygamy." In a final chapter Miss Milam states "the need of home economics in China." Surely a need exists and surely any useful and constructive work in this direction must be built upon a

4. **The Basic Industries and Social History of Japan: 1914-1918.** Ushisaburo Kobayashi. New Haven: 1930. Yale University Press. 850 pp. xiii. 280. Price, $2.25.

5. **A Study of the Student Homes of China.** Ava B. Milam. New York: 1930. Teachers College, Columbia University. 850 pp. ix. 98.

thorough study of the actual Chinese home. The object of such work should be to *develop* Chinese homes, not to *transform* them into American homes. The work organized by Miss Milam at Yenching has been carried on. That it commends itself seems demonstrated by the fact that the Ministry of Education of China has just required that home economics be taught in all the girls middle schools of the Republic.

Dr. J. Ingram Bryan, for sixteen years a teacher in Japan, has prepared a small book on "The Literature of Japan" for Holt's *Home Library Series.*[6] Within so brief compass, the treatment must necessarily be cursory and fragmentary. The author himself hopes that the reading of his book will lead readers to the rather few translations of Japanese books into English already made and to the more voluminous works of other authors—most important of these certainly being Aston's book, now quite old. Bryan sketches the first fourteen hundred years of the development under periods of about 400 years each—the beginnings (400 to 800 A. D.), Heian literature (800-1200 A. D.), Medieval literature (1200 to 1600 A. D.) and Feudal literature (1600-1868). To the literature of Modern Japan, from 1868 onward, he gives a relatively fuller treatment. The task of selection has been serious. Only the most important works could be mentioned and these could be but briefly treated. Quotation of passages has necessarily been scant and brief, still the attempt is made to give the true flavor and to present a fair judgment. The author emphasizes the linguistic difficulty in the reading, appreciation and judgment of Japanese writings. Few of our readers realize that a true translation from Japanese into English, or from English into Japanese, is practically impossible. While recognizing that some Japanese works deserve recognition as real literature, our author is quite guarded in his praise and is never betrayed into enthusiasm. In his summary he says: "Japan, will, I believe, make a very individual and worthy contribution to world literature some day."

FREDERICK STARR.

6. The Literature of Japan. J. Ingram Bryan. New York: 1930. Henry Holt and Company. 16 mo. pp. 248. Price, $1.25.

Correspondence

What the Churches Want

Editor of UNITY:

For sixteen centuries after early Christians had borne witness to their faith, facing wild beasts in the gory arena, simple, primitive Christianity became merged in what we may call Churchianity. Jesus had said nothing about celibacy or asceticism. He went about eating and drinking like other people. Churchianity made men esteem peculiarly those who lived on bread and water, who abandoned natural family and social duties and were too often concerned with merely saving their own souls. This Churchianity was accompanied with superstition, dogmatism and persecution and a dominating ecclesiastism in its secular arm promoted militarism. Had simple Christianity instead of this Churchianity prevailed, the world would not have seen the awful spectacle in 1914 of "Christians" bombing, poisoning and disembowelling each other; and churchmen blaspheming their Master with pious talk about the boys in the trenches going to "their Calvary"; as if pain alone placed their deed on a par with the spirit of Him who said, even in His agony, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

We may thank God that the church today has had an awakening and seems becoming converted to genuine Christianity. One striking program of its recent noble demands was recently printed in the *Congressional Record.* We are not accustomed to looking to that quarter for religious reenforcement. It may be said that this document was reprinted through the initiative of Miss Jeannette Rankin, a former representative from Montana, in connection with some matter before Congress. The document was a message sent out last year by a convention representing thirty-seven communions and allied religious organizations. I here summarize it. At this great study conference it was declared: "All problems arising among nations of whatever nature or origin can be solved only in accordance with the mind of Christ. We feel it a primary duty of the Christian churches to accept their inherent responsibility to the end that war may be abolished. Good citizenship and true patriotism must henceforth be manifested by individual conduct that shall be in harmony with the pledged word of the Pact of Paris. Under that, our national sovereignty, national honor and national patriotism should be defended only by pacific means."

How does the recent proposal of Admiral Pratt that we should begin the program for an expenditure of eleven thousand million dollars to build up our forces in the next ten years comport with the church's program? How will Boston churches, for example, welcome the bombardment of Boston by 600 airplanes next May, which is being planned to show our citizens what a hell war can be?

As concerns recent difficulties of conscientious objectors in getting naturalized, an amendment to the existing statutes is urged. These churches deplore the "present Federal expenditure for military training in high schools, colleges, and summer camps—an expenditure for military training which is greater than the total operating cost of our State Department, which is our chief agency to promote international understanding. Do taxpayers realize that our State Department has been scrimped for funds, being given for its world-wide work less than half the cost of one short-lived cruiser? Useful and needed specialists have resigned because of meager salary. Though in a time of deep depression, we can find $30,000,000 with which to repair three old ships which Admiral Sims says we ought to intern in the Mississippi were we conceivably attacked. In all our history no nation has ever declared war against us.

The churches urge not only our entrance into the World Court but go further and have us take the optional clause as all the great nations have done, which would pledge us to use the Court. They call attention to the danger of a narrow nationalism, they deplore use of military power to protect missionaries, "as this creates widespread misunderstanding as to the underlying motive of missionary work." They urge putting Asiatics under the quota provision, thus repealing our ill-advised exclusion of the 150 Japanese thus affected. The Pacific coast is now realizing that blunder of Congress and for business purposes is taking the lead in proposing the repeal. The general public which has hardly realized the revolution in sentiment through which the churches are passing as regards efforts of world-organization—the sole remedy for war—need to have it brought home to them that the Church is going through a conviction of sin and a change of heart such as it is right to say it has not known for sixteen centuries. Politicians and armament firms and war technicians may well take notice of this, and business men realize that intimidating neighbors with huge armaments or tariff barriers does not bring customers and promote trade. The churches are to be thanked for seeing and saying these things before the business men themselves perceived them.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Brookline, Mass.

Englishmen Living on India

Editor of UNITY:

In a letter just received from Dr. Taraknath Das and Mrs. Das, who are spending a part of the winter on the Riviera, they write: "We find hundreds of Englishmen here, who are living in luxury at the expense of impoverished India—former British officials who enjoy fat pensions and carry on anti-Indian propaganda all over the world."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. J. T. SUNDERLAND

The Field

(*Continued from page* 50)

is a howling gale. No one is abroad in such a night excepting a solitary watcher by the gate. In the clock tower of a British church hard by a bell clanks the hour of two. Out of the palace gate steps a puny figure clad in white draperies. It is Mahatma Gandhi. The watcher accosts him:

"What news?"

"Better ask the Viceroy," replies the genial little wisp of a man.

The news is that non-resistance has brought the British Empire to terms. News enough for one day.

This imperial conqueror has six miles to go. He is bound for Old Delhi to confer with his revolutionary Cabinet. No taxicab, no street car. He trudges dark and muddy roads, holding over his head a big black umbrella.

It is 3 a. m. when he arrives. Flinging himself on his bed, a coarse mattress of straw laid on the stone floor, he snatches forty winks of sleep. An hour later he is up again for his regular morning prayer. Then he plunges immediately into a heap of accumulated correspondence. The peace conference of the preceding night had lasted nine hours. Sole negotiator, his endurance amazed the Viceroy, who had kept him in jail from last June until this past January. It lacks one week of a year since this aged, 93-pound man, who fasts, prays and meditates, began his struggle to liberate his people from British rule by a march to the sea to make salt in open defiance of British law. His followers by thousands have suffered imprisonment and violence, themselves not resisting.

* * *

At 7 o'clock the evening previous a lady had come to the Viceroy's palace bringing the Mahatma's evening meal, which consisted of 40 dates and one pint of goat's milk. This lady's name is now "Mirathai." She was formerly Miss Madeline Slade, daughter of a British Admiral. About eight years ago, being dissatisfied with her manner of life, she went to Switzerland to consult Romain Rolland, the French author and pacifist. He told her of the non-cooperationist movement in India. She wrote to Mr. Gandhi. He replied advising her to wait a year, during which she was to earn her own living; then, if she found herself of the same mind, she might come to India. At the expiry of the year she went. She has become a part of the power which animates the movement.

From an as yet unpublished re-edition of Rolland's "Life of Tolstoy" comes another glimpse of how wide and how deep is this spirit animating revolutionary India. More than half a century ago, when Tolstoy was a young student at the University of Kazan, he lay ill at the hospital. In the next bed was a Buddhist priest from India, who had been attacked by robbers and all but killed. The two conversed. The priest expounded to the young man his doctrine of non-resistance, "the law of love." Half a lifetime later Tolstoy, then in mid-career, answering a letter from an Indian revolutionist, propounded this same doctrine to a native of the land whence it came. Tolstoy's letter fell into the hands of a young lawyer at Johannesburg in South Africa. It led to an active correspondence and one of the last letters ever penned by Tolstoy, in September, 1910, before his flight from Yasnaia Polyana to die in the station agent's cottage at Astopovo, was written to this young man. The young lawyer's name was Gandhi.

"Observe," says Rolland, "the beautiful economy of the spirit!"

* * *

What is this spirit which has enabled a frail and aged man, unarmed, and supported by a few hundreds of thousands of followers, likewise willing to bear violent physical injury without retaliating, to wring victory from the mightiest Empire in the world's history? To ask that question is to ask what makes the sun shine and trees to grow, for it is all a part of the same force. When this emaciated saint abandons himself to meditation he is renewing himself at the very fount of being. Were you to ask him what power this is that he uses, he would tell you that it is "soul force."

Western peoples are not much impressed with "soul force." It sounds a trifle too much like Oriental mystical moonshine. Your practical, businesslike, hard-headed, beef-eating Briton, for example, takes little or no stock in soul force; yet soul force as wielded by this little old man caused such Britons to lose so many millions of pounds sterling in their business during the past 12 months that they are glad to have their Indian Viceroy make yesterday's truce.

Let there be no mistake about this. We are here in the presence of the ultimate revolution, one which is destined to make Russia's little effort look pale and anemic. This revolution is of the spirit and comes from within. It begins by cleaning house at home, in one's own country, in one's own soul. For as Mr. Gandhi said years ago, when he was conducting pacific general strikes of Indian laborers in South Africa:

"Non-resistance is no career for a coward."

Can it be possible that there is something after all in "soul force"?

Cablegram to Premier of Great Britain

RAMSAY MACDONALD:

We, toilers of the soil, appeal to you as a member of the Laborers' family, asking sincerely why are you silent, not raising your voice, in defence of suffering people. The laboring masses had great hope in you. Is it possible that a comfortable job has closed your eyes?

Why do you continue allowing imperialists, capitalists, to crucify, execute and molest in every other way the great people in India. What right have the few to harvest the fruits of three hundred million people.

This barbarism is evidence against the civilized nations and their cultured governments, that they are no better than the dark savages, if not worse. The only difference can be that the savage could not exploit and destroy people so cleverly.

We, Doukhobors of Canada, protest and demand from Labor Parliament of Great Britain immediate observation of Indian affairs. Let imperialists release their hands. Give full freedom to India. Liberate Gandhi and all political prisoners. If you will not demand the fulfillment of the above, you will be guilty before the toiling masses of humanity. Then all struggle for parliamentary seats is useless.

Prove with your deeds that you are a faithful representative of laboring people. We deeply believe that you can ease the suffering people of India and the unemployed.

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